THE GLEANER;

OR,

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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STACY POTTS, JUN. *Editor.*

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1809.

Mr. POTTS,

With respectful deference to PHILO, I should rather think, that "Two planes of lead, marble, glass, iron, &c. thrust together," do not, as he says, [see page 409] "stick so closely to each other, that excessive force alone can separate them," on account of their "*cohesive attraction;*" but rather, by having the air pressed out from between them and consequently, the whole weight of the atmosphere to *press* them together *mechanically*.—'Tis exactly the same as is observed in the firmness with which an exhausted receiver sticks to its table.

MENANDER.

The Gleaner;

OR,

Monthly Magazine.

No. 11. *For July*, 1809. Vol. 1.

FOR THE GLEANER.

Letters from a Spanish Gentleman to his friends in Spain. Translated from the manuscript, for the Gleaner, by

MENANDER.

LETTER III.

(TO LEWIS DE HIMO,)

SINCE I arrived in this country I have been over restless; I have rambled through its different states—visited its finest towns, and gayest cities—ranged its forests and clambered its highest mountains—yet, not indeed with the searching pace of observant philosophy, but rather with that querulous vagrancy of mind, which seeks in novelty a remedy against the wearying intrusions of melancholy thought.

Life, with all its gay and glittering allurements, with all its sympathies and tender attractions, becomes, sometimes, an almost insupportable burthen to me. Its feverish cares and perplexing anxieties, its vanities and follies, oftentimes, make me wish to overleap the bounds of its present durance—and yet, how soon 'twere done! In a moment, how easily might I burst asunder the portals of eternity. Great governor of the universe! is it then an indelible crime against thy divine essence, to put off the physical part of our nature, when existence becomes painful? Is the soul less pure, if she abandons, voluntarily, her burthensome tenement, than when summoned by thy command? Good God! these dreary reflections make me tremble even in my present apathy. I will not indulge them; these transcient clouds of misfortune, will yet pass away, and leave me to enjoy the genial smile of peace.

You are too well acquainted with every thing relating to me, to need an explanation of the cause of my present state of mind; and Digano, I suppose, has informed you that another cause has added itself, to those which already existed, to wound and ferment the feelings of my bosom.

Poor Digano! he too is the slave and victim of passion; but he has not to shrink under the arrogant hand of parental dignity; he is not forced to prefer a princely diadem, or the pompous glitter of nobility, to humble beauty, mildness, and intelligence. Beings like him, who possess the genuine glow of feeling, and a true spiritedness of mind, cannot pass through life, with the even uniformity of less sensible, and less intellegent souls. The life of Digano, like mine, has been a random voyage over an ocean, where storms and placid sunshines succeed each other continually, a varying scene of good and evil, strangely, and glaringly mixed, displays itself in the history of his actions; the aberrations of erring will, and the wildness of ungovernable passions, obscure the transcient gleams of reason and nobleness in his conduct.

.....Nous voyons le cœur qui s' egare sans cesse
Tourner vers la folie en cherchant la sagesse.

I wish you were with me; here you might pursue, with delightful advantage, your favorite object, natural history. As to me, at present, I had sooner give the natural history and politicks of the heart's empire, than of the strangest region upon earth; and yet, you know, I am fond of the study of nature even to particularity. If it does not carry the mind beyond the precincts of this globule: if it does not, like astronomy, lead us through the pathless regions of the universe, it, nevertheless, affords a vast and delightful prospect for contemplation. I delight in examining, even the fantastic folds of a flower, or the structure of a butterfly—and why not? 'tis not in the largest objects that we meet with the most exquisite workmanship; in a rose and in a butterfly there is surely as much wisdom displayed as in a planet.

One thing, notwithstanding my rattle-trap wildness of fancy, made me reflect,—I mean the many subterrane relicts of former civilization which are found in the western parts of this country. I saw several pieces of ware which are said to have been dug out of the earth from a considerable depth. This country was, unquestionably, once the seat of a polished and great empire; I cannot, however, persuade myself to throw it so far back as the flood of Noah; I am rather inclined to think with Monsieur De Paw, (*part* 1, *tome* 1) that this country has felt the ravages of a very recent deluge.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Adieu Himo, give my blessing to Digano, live happy.

CASTALIO.

HAY-TIME AND HARVEST.

Many persons who work hard in the heat of summer, and sweat freely, apprehend that it is necessary to take a little spirits before they drink cold water. And when this sentiment is fully adopted, and becomes reduced to common practice, many become too weak to withstand the temptation of appetite, and the influence of custom; and either by increasing the quantity, or the frequency of drinking, or by both together, they become sometimes elevated in their spirits, and imagine they feel themselves to be much better, stronger, livelier, brighter, &c. And not supposing they are in any degree intoxicated, they repeat the same practice, *that is*, as much as does them good, again and again—and thus, by degrees, they are unwarily cheated into a habit of drinking a little too much. This habit is apt to grow upon them; and then the advice of their friends—loss—danger—disgrace—disease—all plead in vain. They are infatuated, and go on drinking. Scarcely one in a hundred, *wholly* abstains; though such abstinence is the sole experiment that will afford perfect security.

Perhaps the last stage of the fatal tragedy arrives, when it appears as if the drunken sot must drink spirits to keep himself alive; and yet it is certain he must die a miserable death if he continues the practice. It is evident, therefore, the beginning, and every succeeding step in this gradation must be dreadful: as they so frequently lead towards such a deplorable period.

Intemperance in the use of spiritous liquors, by the nature of custom and habit, grows out of what is erroneously deemed their necessary use. If any wish not to expose themselves, their children, or weak neighbours to such a common danger, let them attend to a few observations relative to this subject:

1. Drinking ardent spirits, tends to produce and to increase, a proportionate degree of inflammatory heat in the system, and sometimes in the temper.

2. It also produces a sense of thirst, which is not to be satisfied by drinking more but continues increasing.

3. Good water, cautiously drank, in small quantities, is the best of all kinds of beverage. New milk is a good addition; molasses and water; or molasses, vinegar, and water; home-brewed small beer, kept in bottles or jugs, in a cool cellar or milk-house, &c. afford a variety of agreeable drinks.

4. Dry biscuit, or bread well moistened, may be eaten sometimes in long days to advantage, both to satisfy hunger and thirst. This gives a durable vigor to the nerves and sinews. And a dish of tea in the afternoon, will always prove a reviving treat to the weary labourers.

5. Bad water cannot be much mended by any kind of mixture. Perhaps boiling is the best general remedy—and spiritous liquors the most objectionable of all.

6. Drinking large draughts of any kind is prejudicial; and rather occasioned by habit than necessity.

7. The hay and harvest work will be done best and soonest, by pursuing it steadily, and not at any time violently.

8. Take care not to be exposed to the rain, or dew of the evening without sufficient clothing.

9. Finally, be assured that perfect sobriety, without any kind of *stilled stuff*, is a complete advantage: which sentiment is freely united with by all who have fairly tried the experiment.

PROBATUM EST.

.....

AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

"*For in the wreath that decks the flowing bowl,*
"*Fell adders hiss, and poison'd serpents roll.*"

A Drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures whom God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers *every flaw in it.* The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but liquor makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul and shew itself: it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them.

Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good natured man into an ideot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject.—There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce, but discovers faults. Common experience teaches the contrary.

Liquor throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with after the mind is exhilerated, is not the same man who at first sat down at the table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I have met with,—"He who jests upon a man that is drunk injures the absent."

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavor to make their entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses: it wastes the estate, banishes reputation, consumes the body, and renders a man of the brightest parts the common jest of an insignificant clown.

A method of employing one's time profitably is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young citizens (especially of such as are at a great distance from those of the first breeding) is drinking. This way of entertainment has custom on its side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of excess in this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it.

It is very common that events arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of a mere gaiety of heart, which may displease his best friends. Who then would trust himself to the power of grog, recollecting that it raises the imagination and depresses the judgement?

Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to every person who is more sober than himself; and of course in the power of his enemies and dependants.

As for my part, I ever esteemed a drunkard of all vicious persons the most vicious: for if our actions are to be weighed and considered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him who puts himself into a circumstance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties.

If a man considers that he cannot, under the oppression of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a master or a servant; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him, he would think of a debauch with horror, and avoid the company and places liable to this temptation with equal resolution as if the yellow fever were there prevalent! For when he looks still further, and acknowledges that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all, what words can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death, so I may safely add to the non-existence of drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate poison.

But as our faults are double when they effect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He who is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home overloaded with liquor, is still more contemptible, in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his beastiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between drunkenness and chastity. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible, as the gift of a modest woman to a bacchanalian.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word, by allowing, that he who abuses his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.

ANTI-BACCHUS.

.....

ANECDOTE

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word press made use of to imply persuade, "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay to-night, &c." thought he would shew his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple to cry out in company, "pray *squeeze* that lady to sing."

ON NATURAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE III.

Principles of Chymistry.

ALL bodies existing on the earth, may be arranged under three heads, viz. the *animal*, *vegetable*, and *mineral* kingdoms. The first comprehends all bodies endowed with life and self-motion. The second, those which have life only, the power of growing, and propagating their species. The third, all bodies destitute of life and self-motion. Bodies are also considered as *simple* or *compound*. Simple bodies are such as cannot be resolved into any thing more simple, such as pure earth, metals, gases, &c. Compound bodies consist of two or more of the primary elements, such as an *animal body;* for earthly particles and various fluids form its composition. That branch of philosophy which examines the properties of these bodies, by compounding or decompounding them, is called CHYMISTRY,—a branch so extensive and important, that the sustenance of life—the arts and sciences—various manufactures,—nay, even trade and commerce, depend upon a continual *composition* and *decomposition* of natural bodies.

SOLUTION is a property of *fluids*, whereby they imbibe (or incorporate themselves with) *solids*, by separating their parts. —The sea is a solution of salt in fresh water. Ink is a solution of gallate of iron in water. Diluted nitrous acid dissolves copper; when the ebullition is over, the liquor will be a solution of copper. Diluted sulphuric acid, in like manner, poured on iron, will produce a solution of iron. Quicksilver dissolves lead, tin, &c. Gold dissolved in aqua regia is a solution of gold, &c. and camphor, in like manner, is dissolved in spirit of wine, &c.—Solutions in water, spirits, air, &c. are transparent; but mixtures are generally muddy or opaque.

DISTILLATION is the application of heat to separate fluid and volatile parts from bodies; and to collect them in other vessels by means of cold. Heat expands all bodies, and puts their particles into a repulsive state; when this application becomes more powerfull than the cohesion of the body, a decomposition takes place. If sea-water be put in a retort, and exposed to the fire, the water soon rises in the character of steam—this steam passing through a cold pipe, is condensed, and brought back again into water, but fresh; and the salts being less volatile, remain in the bottom of the retort. Liquors that have gone

through a state of vinous fermentation, are disposed to part with spirit—and spirit rising in steam with less degree of heat than water, a separation of the two is easily effected in a still by tempering the fire,—hence the steam of the spirit passing through a long spiral pipe (immersed in cold water) is condensed:——when the spirit is all come over, the water begins to rise in steam, and may be received in a separate vessel—the earthy and colouring particles of the wine will at last be found dry at the bottom of the still.

SUBLIMATION is but a distillation of dry substances. *Sulphur* exposed in a sublimating vessel, is melted with a very gentle heat, and rises in steam, forming flour of sulphur on the sides and top of the vessel, and is but the same sulphur that was melted. *Gum Benzoin* melted within a tall receiver, with a sprig of rosemary in it, rises and forms a hoar-frost appearance on the leaves of the rosemary.——*Phosphorus* just covered with water, in a Florence flask exposed over a lamp, sublimes into the appearance of stars, and the aurora borealis. It rises with the steam of the water, and struggling to obtain the air, its menstruum, forms beautiful coruscations in the flask, particularly when separated from the lamp, and exposed in the dark.

PRECIPITATION is performed in fluid matters only—it is a disuniting of two or more ingredients by the addition of another, which, by its greater affinity, unites with one of the ingredients, and separates the others from it, and by which they generally fall to the bottom of the liquor. Copper dissolved in diluted nitrous acid, is precipitated by iron—much of the dissolved copper becomes revived by the acid leaving the copper and uniting with the iron; forming a skin of copper on the iron; the rest falls to the bottom of the liquor, precipitated, &c. &c.

SATURATION signifies the point at which the attractive and dissolving power of any menstruum stops, when filled with the matter it is to dissolve—Solutions of salt or sugar in water; of sulphur in oil of turpentine; camphor in spirit of wine; silver in aqua fortis; water in air, &c. are transparent till fully saturated; if more be added, they sink in their natural form to the bottom, undissolved, and the menstruum is said to be fully saturated. If water, spirits, oil, &c. be evaporated from the matter with which they are saturated, the matter assumes its natural form;—common salt will assume a cubical form; saltpetre the form of a prism, &c. &c. adhering to the bottom and sides of the containing vessels.

AFFINITY. This term is of great extent in chymistry, and signifies *the tendency which the constituent parts of bodies have to unite readily with* SOME *substances in preference to others.* Water and vinegar have affinity, because they are easily mixed together. Water and oil have no affinity, because they will not mix, but shew a kind of repulsion to one another. If a mixture, A and B, have a third matter, C, added to them, to which A has a greater attraction or affinity than to B, then will A let go B, and join in union with C, and B is precipitated. Ex. 1st. Solution of corrosive sublimate mixed with potash produces an orange coagulum; nitric acid added, seizes the potash, as an alkali, to which it has a strong affinity, the colour is discharged, and the liquor becomes pellucid. 2d. A solution of blue vitriol mixed with spirit of sal-ammoniac, produces a blue-coloured alkaline liquor. The nitrous acid, seizes the sal-ammoniac as an alkali, discharges the colour, and the liquor becomes pellucid; if then an alkali be made predominant (as potash) the fine blue is again restored. 3d. Acid solutions are detected by syrup of violets which turns them red: but the same syrup turns an alkaline solution green. Hence red or blue flowers steeped in acid water, impart their colouring particles to the water, which becomes red: potash added, turns it green. 4th. Salts instantaneously crystallize when spirit of wine is added to their solution in water, because spirit and water have a greater affinity to one another than salt & water. 5th. Hydrogen gas, or inflammable air, is not inflammable of itself, any more than fixed air is effervescent; but it is a constituent part of a compound, which being let loose, causes, by its mixture with the oxygen part of the atmosphere, the phænomenon of inflammation. Hence phosphorus when rubbed between the folds of brown paper to increase its surface, and give it a little warmth, takes fire so soon as it becomes exposed to the atmosphere. 6th. Two thirds of nitrous acid, and one third sulphuric acid mixed, and then poured on oil of turpentine, produce instant and tremendous inflammation! 7th. Ether droped on water produces ice. 8th. Calces are revived, if while they are in fusion, inflammable air be blown upon them. 9th. Equal quantities of regulus of cobalt dissolved in diluted nitrous acid, and sea salt dissolved in water, make the sympathetic ink that comes and goes with heat and moisture. 10th. Invisible writing, with a solution of sugar of lead, is rendered black by a solution of liver of sulphur, each being dissolved in water. This effect will take place through a thick book, or even a stone wall. 11th. Homberg's pyrophorus requires one part sugar and three parts allum, to be melted, stirred, and dried on an iron shovel till it becomes a blackish coal; then bruise it into powder, and put it into a long-necked bottle, and the bottle into a crucible filled with dry sand: then place the crucible in a gradual fire,

till the whole becomes red hot, and keep it so an hour, or till a weak blue flame has issued out of the bottle's neck a quarter of an hour; remove it by degrees, and cork up the bottle as soon as it will not burn it, or decant the pyrophorus into a dry bottle, well stopped from air. A little of this powder exposed to moist air on brown paper, instantly takes fire. 12th. Vitriolic acid contains more latent heat than water, and has a strong affinity to water; therefore joining the water, its *latent heat* is let loose, producing *sensible heat*. Hence iron pyrites lying in water produces heat, and becomes ink with an infusion of galls; rain water running over quarries of such pyrites above hot-springs, acquires the heat for which those waters are celebrated. 13th. Vegetables contain much nitre; the water therefore in which potatoes, spinage, &c. are boiled, dissolve the nitre, and hence brown paper soaked in such water, becomes excellent *match* when cut in slips and dried. 14th. Silver dissolved in diluted nitrous acid (or lunar caustic) is precipitated by copper; for the acid has a greater affinity to copper than silver, therefore the silver precipitates, and forms those beautiful ramifications called the arbor Dianæ.

ACIDS are both in a liquid and concrete form; have a sour taste, and effervesce with the carbonates of alkalis. *Sulphuric* or *vitriolic acid* is fluid, transparent, colourless, and without smell like water, but much heavier: It is got generally from sulphur, by distillation, or burning. *Nitric* or *nitrous acid* is of a brown colour, emits red fumes, has a pungent smell, readily dissolves most metals, and is extracted by distillation from nitre or saltpetre, moistened with sulphuric acid. *Muriatic acid* is extracted from common salt; it is of a yellow colour, and smells like saffron.

ALKALIS are saline bodies that combine readily with acids; they have an acrid burning taste; fuse with a moderate heat; dissolve earths with a strong heat; with silex become glass, &c. *Fixed mineral alkali* is obtained from sea salt; *fixed vegetable alkali* from vegetables, both standing a great heat without dissipation. *Volatile alkali* is obtained from animal substances, by decomposition and putrefaction, and flies off with a *small* degree of heat; hartshorn drops are of this kind.—Alkalis combined with oil, form soap, &c.

SALTS are every thing with a sharp taste, and soluble in water. *Sea salt*, or *kitchen salt*, is a combination of muriatic acid and mineral alkali. *Luna cornea* is a salt formed by the union of silver and muriatic acid. *Verdigrise* is a salt formed by the solution of copper in vinegar. *Ammoniacal salts*, are an acid

saturated with volatile alkali. *Nitrous salts* are found in old walls or places impregnated with animal and vegetable juices—they are neutral, and produce nitrous acid and fixed vegetable alkali.

METALS. *Perfect metals* (or those that cannot be oxided) are, gold, platina, and silver. *Imperfect metals* are, copper, iron, tin, and lead, which in fire or strong menstruums lose their metalline properties, become an earth, or calx; but are revivable into their original metals by fire; or rather, according to the new principles of chymistry, the calces, or oxyds of metals imbibe oxygen air from the atmosphere in the act of calcination, and thence become oxyds. These oxyds are revived by their oxygen combining with the carbon of the inflammable substances heated with them, by which carbonic acid gas (or fixed air) is formed. The metal being thus left free, recovers its metallic or reguline form. Pure metals are always found in their metalic form. *Gold* is unalterable by art, is one of the heaviest of all known bodies (except platina), expands so much, that a grain may be beat into a leaf of fifty square inches, and a gold wire one tenth of an inch in diameter, will suspend or support 500lb. weight without breaking. Reduced into fine powder, it is easily attacked by acids. Gold dissolved by aqua regia, and then precipitated by volatile alkali, and washed and suffered to dry, explodes by a small degree of heat, with a quickness and violence far exceeding gunpowder. Ether poured on a solution of gold in aqua regia, and the mixture shaken, the gold will leave the aqua regia and pass into the ether.—Gold will continue months in a hot fire without losing any weight. *Platina.* This metal is found in small, angular, shining grains in the gold mines of South America; it is nearly as heavy as gold naturally, but deprived of the iron with which it is generally united, it is heavier. It dissolves in aqua regia; but bids defiance to simple acids, or any fire, except that of a large burning glass. *Silver* is the third unalterable metal—it fuses in a small heat; is nearly as ductile as gold; a wire of it, one-tenth of an inch diameter, will sustain 270lb. Nitric acid dissolves silver more completely than any other acid. *Copper*, though an imperfect metal, comes near to silver in point of ductility.—A wire, as above, supports 299lb. Moist air tarnishes, and even calcines it; this rust, or calx, is verdigrise. Acids, alkalis, saline matters, and oils, more or less dissolve copper, and the solution is of a green colour, and poisonous; hence culinary vessels of copper should be kept well tinned. A solution of copper in volatile alkali is blue when exposed to the air, but loses the colour when corked up; opened, it again becomes blue, &c.——So water impregnated

with too little copper to be discovered, turns blue with a few drops of volatile alkali. Copper is mostly found combined with sulphur in mines; and is easily separated from other metals by sulphur. It requires a strong heat to melt it, emits pernicious fumes, and burns with a green or blue flame. It easily combines with other metallic substances,—with zink it becomes *brass*—with tin, *bronze*, or *bellmetal*, &c. *Iron* is the most useful, the hardest, most elastic, and, except tin, the lightest of all metals. Such a wire as above, supports 450lb. As an ore, or a calx, it is not attracted by the magnet; but when metallized by roasting in the fire, it is attracted. In water, moist air, acids, fire, &c. it becomes rust, or *crocus martis*. Iron impregnated with carbon in a strong fire, without the free access of air, becomes *steel;* and steel made red hot, and suddenly cooled in water, or oil, becomes so hard tempered, and brittle, that edge tools, files, &c. are made of it. In the act of heating, it changes colour, and hence many steel ornaments are made blue. Iron has great affinity with sulphur, and its fusion is so much facilitated by it, that if iron in white heat be rubbed with sulphur, it falls in liquid drops united with the sulphur; and if 60lb. of iron filings & 35lb. of sulphur, made into a paste with water, be buried a few inches under ground, it will swell, grow hot, emit vapours and flame, and shake the ground about it like an earthquake. Iron may be allayed with any metal except quicksilver and lead. *Tin* is the lightest, least elastic, or sonorous, of any metal. A wire as above, supports 50lb. All acids disolve and deprive it of its metalline form. It melts with less heat than will make it red hot, and calcines in a grey powder, called putty, used in polishing metals, glass, &c. It allays with all metals, gives them brittleness; and its vapours impair the ductility of all metals. It amalgamates with quicksilver, and is then used to cover looking glasses; compounded with lead, it forms the solder of the plumbers.—*Lead* is still softer than tin; a wire as above only sustains 29lb.—Acids dissolve it, the sulphuric very slowly—fumes of vinegar rust it into *white lead*. Calx of lead made into wafers and boiled in linseed oil, becomes the drying oil of the painters. Lead kept in a state of fusion, with a current of air passing over it, imbibes the vital part of the air, and becomes calcined, and is then called *red lead:* a stronger heat vitrifies this calx into *litharge*; and a still stronger heat, into *glass of lead*, which will run through the crucible like water through a sieve. This glass facilitates the calcination of imperfect metals, and is therefore used to purify the *perfect* metals. *Mercury*, or *quicksilver*, is like fluid silver, opaque, and very heavy. By great cold it can be made solid, and malleable as lead. It rises in vapours by a small degree of heat, and when these vapours are collected, they are found the very same as quicksilver. Hence it is easily

distilled, and by those means easily separated from lead, tin, &c. Acids and alkalis combine with mercury. Vapours of mercury and muriatic acid meeting, form crystals like flattened needles, called *corrosive sublimate.* Mercury shaken in vinegar, exhibits a curious phænomenon; and it is luminous when shaken in vacuo. Quicksilver triturated with sulphur, forms *Ethiops mineral;* and this frequently sublimated, becomes cinnabar—or the vermillion of the painters. Cinnabar is also found a native in the mines, and may be considered as the ore of quicksilver.

THE EARTHS are, lime, magnesia, alumine or clay, silex or flint, barytes, strontia, zirconia, glucine, yttria. These earths make up the solid part of our globe; they are so intermixed that it is difficult to obtain them pure.

Lime exists in lime-stone, chalk, stalactites, or stone icicles, marbles, &c. magnesia exists in lime-stone, in steatites or soap-stone, in talc, in lapis, ollaris or potstone, in the Epsom and Bedford springs, in sea-water, &c.

Alumine, or earth of alum, is the true argillaceous part of common clay, with the sulphuric acid it forms alum, it is used to make porcelain and the common earthen ware, and bricks.

Silex is the earth which chiefly forms flint, quartz, rock-crystal, and many of the gems, as the ruby, topaz, opal, agate, cornelian, jasper, &c. silex fused with potash forms glass. The other earths are rare, recently discovered, and, as yet, little known concerning them.

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ON NEWS-PAPERS OR POLITICAL JOURNALS.

(From Miller's Retrospect.)

"It is worthy of remark that news-papers have almost entirely changed their form and character within the eighteenth century. For a long time after they were first adopted as a medium of communication to the public, they were confined, in general, to the mere statement of *facts.* But they have gradually assumed an office more extensive, and risen to a more important station in society. They have become the vehicles of discussion in which the principles of government, the interests of nations the spirit and tendency of public measures, and the public and private characters of individuals are all arraigned, tried, and decided. Instead, therefore, of being considered now, as they once were, of small moment in society, they have become immense moral and political engines, closely connected with the welfare of the state, and deeply involving both its peace and prosperity

Newspapers have also become important in a literary view. There are few of them, within the last twenty years, which have not added to their political details some curious and useful information, on the various subjects of literature, science and art. They have thus become the means of conveying to every class in society, innumerable scraps of knowledge, which have at once increased the public intelligence, and extended the taste for perusing periodical publications. The *advertisements*, moreover, which they daily contain respecting new books, projects, inventions, discoveries and improvements, are well calculated to enlarge and enlighten the public mind, and are worthy of being enumerated among the many methods of awakening and maintaining the popular attention, with which more modern times, beyond all preceding example, abound.

In ancient times, to sow the seeds of civil discord, or to produce a spirit of union and co-operation through an extensive community, required time, patience, and a constant series of exertions. The art of printing being unknown, and many of the modern methods of communicating intelligence to distant places not having come into use, the difficulty of conducting public affairs must have been frequently great and embarrassing. The general circulation of *Gazettes* forms an important æra, not only in the moral and literary, but also in the political world.—By means of this powerful instrument impressions on the public mind may be made with a celerity, and to an extent of which our remote ancestors had no conception, and which cannot but give rise to the most important consequences in society. Never was there given to man a political engine of greater power; and never, assuredly, did this engine before operate upon so large a scale as in the eighteenth century.

Our own country in particular, and especially for the last twelve or fifteen years, has exhibited a spectacle never before displayed among men, and even yet without a parrallel on earth. It is the spectacle, not of the learned and the wealthy only, but of the great body of the people; even a large portion of that class of the community which is destined to daily labour, having free and constant access to public prints, receiving regular information of every occurrence, attending to the course of political affairs, discussing public measures, and having thus presented to them constant excitements to the acquisition of knowledge, and continual means of obtaining it. Never, it may be safely asserted, was the number of political journals so great in proportion to the population of a country as at present in ours. Never were they, all things considered, so cheap, so universally diffused, and so easy of access. And never were they actually perused by so large a majority of all classes since the art of printing was discovered.

The general effects of this unprecedented multiplication and diffusion of public prints, form a subject of most interesting and complex calculation. On the one hand, when well conducted, they have a tendency to disseminate useful information; to keep the public mind awake and active, to confirm and extend the love of freedom; to correct the mistakes of the ignorant, and the impositions of the crafty; to tear off the mask from corrupt and designing politicians; and, finally, to promote union of spirit and of action among the most distant members of an extended community. But to pursue a path calculated to produce these effects, the conductors of public prints ought to be men of talents, learning, and virtue. Under the guidance of such characters, every Gazette would be a source of moral and political instruction, and of course, a public blessing.

On the other hand, when an instrument so potent is committed to the weak, the ignorant, and the vicious, the most baneful consequences must be anticipated. When men of small talents, of little information, and of less virtue, undertake to be (as the editors of public gazettes, however contemptible their character, may in a degree be considered) the directors of public opinion, what must be the result? We may expect to see the frivolities of weakness, the errors and malignity of prejudice, the misrepresentations of party zeal, the most corrupt doctrines in politics and morals, the lacerations of private character, and the polluting language of obscenity and impiety, daily issuing from the press, poisoning the principles, and disturbing the repose of society; giving to the natural and salutary collisions of parties the most brutal violence and ferocity; and, at length, consuming the best feelings and noblest charities of life, in the flame of civil discord.

In the former part of the eighteenth century, talents and learning, at least, if not virtue, were thought necessary in the conductors of political journals.* Few ventured to intrude into this arduous office, but those who had some claims to literature. Towards the close of the century, however, persons of less character, and of humbler qualifications, began, without scruple, to undertake the high task of enlightening the public mind. This remark applies, in some degree, to Europe; but it applies with particular force to our own country, where every judicious observer must perceive, that too many of our Gazettes are in the

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* *This has not been, generally, so much the case in America as in Europe. From the earliest period too many of our Gazettes have been in the hands of persons who were destitute both of talents and literature. But in later times, the number of editors who fall under this description has become even greater than formerly.*

hands of persons, destitute at once of the urbanity of gentlemen, the information of scholars, and the principles of virtue. To this source, rather than to any peculiar depravity of national character, we may ascribe the faults of American news-papers, which have been pronounced by travellers, the most profligate and scurrilous public prints in the civilized world.†

If the foregonig remarks be just, then the friend of rational freedom, and of social happiness, cannot but contemplate with the utmost solicitude, the future influence of political journals on the welfare of society. As they form one of the great safeguards of free government, so they also form one of its most threatening assailants. And unless public opinion (the best remedy that can be applied) should administer an adequate correction of the growing evil, we may anticipate the arrival of that crisis in which we must yield either to an abridgement of the liberty of the press, or to a disruption of every social bond.

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ON LUXURY.

THE source of luxury is opulence. Poverty would for ever exclude it. It must be fed, and nothing can feed it but abundance. Is it not, therefore, inverting things to make luxury the cause of opulence? In their infancy all nations were equally temperate; for they were equally poor.

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†*These considerations, it is conceived, are abundantly sufficient to account for the disagreeable character of American news-papers. In every country the selfish principle prompts men to defame their personal and political enemies; and where the supposed provocations to this are numerous, and no restraints are imposed on the indulgence of the disposition, an inundation of filth and calumny must be expected. In the United States the frequency of elections leads to a corresponding frequency of struggle between political parties; these struggles naturally engender mischievous passions, and every species of coarse invective; and, unhappily, too many of the conductors of our public prints have neither the discernment, the firmness, nor the virtue to reject from their pages the foul ebullitions of prejudice and malice. Had they more diligence, or greater talents, they might render their Gazettes interesting, by filling them with materials of a more instructive and dignified kind; but wanting these qualifications, they must give such materials, accompanied with such a seasoning, as circumstances furnish. Of what kind these are no one is ignorant.*

According to poetical tradition, the brook and the oak supplied them with sustenance. Should we permit imagination to sally out, and carry back her ideas to the primitive æra of society; should we suppose men, at the call of an *Orpheus* or a *Theseus*, to quit their woody mansions, dens, and caves; enter into compact for their mutual defence and preservation, what could the first rudiments of their architecture, dress and diet possibly be? What besides huts and cabbins, skins and furs, herbs and perhaps the flesh of hunted animals miserably cooked and prepared? In this aggregate state, however, they become capable of improvement. At distant intervals, perhaps, and by slow degrees, their huts enlarge, grow regular and convenient; their apparel easy and decent; their food wholesome and palatable. The earth begins to unfold her treasures; quarries of stone and marble, the several species of minerals, iron, lead, silver, and shining gold, alternately present themselves to view. Accident, or ingenuity, makes a thousand occasional discoveries. The axe, the spade, the plow, the hammer, the chissel, owe their original to different inventors. Imitation and emulation, beget a spirit of industry. And thence the birth of arts and sciences. Thence also houses are erected; ships invented, and commerce propagated, the mother of opulence, the mother of luxury.

Imagine this progress from savageness to luxury as rapid as you please. Some such progress must have been! men could never grow luxurious in the twinkling of an eye. The advantages of soil or situation, benignity of clime or air, force of genius, and other innumerable accidents might have conspired to enrich, as well as civilize, one nation before another; yet the work could not be done at once. There must have been many intervals, gradations and scales of ascent; till at length national opulence prevailing, national luxury would of course prevail also, unless counteracted by some principle equally strong, national avarice suppose; for we want not a modern example to prove the possibility even of this.

In reality, it is natural for men, who are in possession of wealth, to devise means of enjoying it. What would it otherwise be but an useless, dead incumbrance to the owner? If therefore he has either pride or passion in his frame, and who has not, the one will lead him to splendor, and the other spur him on to sensuality. At first indeed, men are usually modest and daffish, in the practice either of vice or pleasure. By degrees they harden, and these restraints wear off and disappear. Fired by habit, and animated by success, they throw aside all regard to fame or fortune; forever wallow in the same dirty puddle of voluptuousness, roll on in one continual circle, from vanity to vanity, from vice to vice; every appetite alternately indulged,

and each desire gratified, till impotence and stupefaction finally arrest their minds and bodies both!

In a country where luxury finds fuel to kindle and inflame it, this I say, will be the case. But where poverty is paramount, luxury is a nonentity.

In the days of *Romulus* or *Numa*, few, I believe, were the instances of luxury which *Rome* beheld. The great founder himself lodged in a thatched palace. But to what a pitch had it risen under the last *Tarquin?* Such an outrage as that upon *Lucretia*, had never been attempted in a city, where morals were not grossly debauched. This outrage caused the expulsion of the regal family; but luxury was not expelled. Several youths of quality, addicted to a course of riot and debauchery, in the days of *Tarquin*, had entered into a plot for his restoration, merely that they might *rake* on without controul. They bemoaned the loss of their licentiousness. The freedom of others, they said, was slavery to them. They represented a king as one who would grant them a favour without regard to justice, or injustice; but the laws they said, were deaf inexorable things, better calculated for the poor, than the powerful and rich.

The plot, it is true, miscarried; and they expiated their treason with their blood. But their motives plainly indicate the large advances luxury had already made in that state—advances imputable to no single cause, but the propagation of conquest, and the augmentation of wealth. Soon after the establishment of a republic it was found necessary to constitute officers under the name of censors, a capital branch of whose duty it was, to restrain the growth of this vice. Some occasional checks they gave to it, but were utterly unable to suppress it altogether. It spread and flourished in spite of all their efforts; and the history of *Jugurtha* is a recorded proof that fraud, injustice, rapine, and venality, flourished with it.

Convinced that riches were the source of luxury, and luxury of ruin, *Lycurgus* laboured, with his whole might, to render *Sparta* inaccessible to both; for so long the oracle assured him *Sparta* should stand. This was the entire scope of his establishment. Every institution, every circumstance that made a part of it, was intended as a barrier against these evils. He went so far as to abolish the very use of money. *Auri, argentique usum, velut omnium scelerum materiam sustulit*, says *Justin*. One would imagine that this was going to the bottom of the evil effectually and striking at the very root thereof. But, in spite of all his precautions, in spite of all the fences he had raised to obstruct it, luxury at last crept in at the heels of opulence. Let us examine how this came to pass.

Xerxes, upon his departure out of *Greece*, after the fatal overthrow at *Salamis*, left *Mardonius* with an immense army behind

im to subdue it. *Mardonius*, however, met with no better suc-ess than his master. He and his army were cut to pieces at *Platæa*. His camp, which, *Justin* informs us, was crammed with regal opulence, was divided as a spoil among the conquer-ors. And now it was, as the same author assures us, that a aste for *Persian* gold and *Persian* luxury seized upon the very itals of *Greece*.

It may not perhaps be unacceptable in this place, to present he reader with a story related by *Herodotus*, concerning *Paus-anias* the *Spartan* general, under whose conduct the victory had been gained. Struck with amazement at the view of all the riches and magnificence with which the whole camp blazed; he ordered the slaves belonging to it, to fit out an entertainment as splendid as they possibly could, in the *Persian* manner. He then by way of contrast ordered another to be fitted out in the *Spartan* mode. This done, he assembled his army together, gave them a view of both, representing to them, at the same time, the folly of the *Persian* king, who, though master of such immense treasurers himself, would notwithstanding, make war upon a people so poor and indigent as they. Yet this was the very *Pausanias* who, not long after, to ingratiate himself with that monarch, sent back to him, unransomed, a number of pris-oners with proposals of an alliance and intermarriage, labouring with his utmost art and diligence to betray the liberties of *Greece*, together with those of his native country. He renounced the manners and dress of his own country, says *Nepos*; assumed regal state and ornaments, wore the *Medish* robe, kept a body of *Medish* and *Egyptian* guards about his person, and banquet-ted in the *Persian* mode with a luxury intolerable to the behol-ders: So soon are the morals of mankind debauched! So easy is the transition from wealth to luxury!

When once an entrance is found, luxury, like every habit, is propagated by imitation. Those who are most eminent for wealth and quality take the lead. The next in degree follow their example. These last are copied by others, and so on from one degree to another, till it hath insinuated itself through the whole body, to the lowest degree of all. The same principles of nature enter into the composition of the peer, and the pea-sant. The modes of pleasure may vary, but the passion for it is equally strong in both. By this sketch it is no matter of diffi-culty to conceive, how luxury may at first creep from individual to individual, and at length pervade the whole community. A single drop of venom hath been received into the blood. It first corrupts those particles that happen to be in contact with it. These impart the noxious taint to others, which in their turn serve as vehicles of conveyance also. The infection

now widens more and more till at length the whole mass is transformed into one putrid stream of corruption.

But it is the capital of a country that gives luxury its quickest, and its widest circulation. Business and leisure summon thither from the remotest corners, men of all callings, characters and conditions. There they become conversant with scenes of lewdness and debauchery, and carry home with them a violent tincture of the infection they have imbibed. There vice finds an asylum, and lust a cell of darkness. It was the complaint of *Salust* in his time, "That all those whom profligacy and villainy had driven from their own houses, flocked to *Rome* as to a common sink."

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FOR THE GLEANER.

DIALOGUE

Between TERENCE, *an Irishman, and* FELTY, *a German.*

Terence sees Felty at a distance with a bottle under his arm.

Ter. Whee, ho, (*whistles*) arrah my dear, come this way wid your mug, and what is in it too.

Felty. (*coming*) Vat you vant mit me, sir?

Ter. O, nothing at all, at all, only give us a blast of your usquebaugh man.

Felty. Me dont know vat you say, vat bist dat usquebaugh?

Ter. Augh man, give here that bumper and I'll shew you what I say. (*Takes the bottle from Felty and drinks*) excellent—your health my jewel. (*drinks again.*)

Felty. I vinsh you would not make him all, you makes very free mit strangers.

Ter. O, fait I am no stranger hereabouts now; and then I always hate your long complements, my jewel.

Felty. I hates complements too; but I likes not to lose my dram by too much freedom; I can tell you dat.

Ter. O do not be afraid of too much freedom, joy; this is the land of freedom; do you live here abouts?

Felty. I live here und dere und every where my master chooses to send me; I is not free: I is a servant by Mr. Loveall, who goes apout sparking sometimes und takes me mit him.

Ter. By my shoul I am a kind of a servant too; to—to—fait, I can hardly tell you his name, Tam O'—no Tom O' Grog—no Tam or Dam something or other. He goes a good deal about

courting too, (to get votes at the *elactions*, do you see.) But come my honey we'll sit down together and talk all how and about it over our grog fait *(they sit down)* and what is your own name, my jewel?

Felty. Felty isht my name.

Ter. A fine name fait to go to church wid. My own name is sweet little Terence O Bralaham.

Felty. Broil o'ham, dats a good name too to go to mush mit; I tink you bist ein rechter Teague.

Ter. Take! by the wars I can take any thing a man ought to take: I have taken pretty well already, but if you insist upon it I can't deny you; so here goes (*drinks*), yes Terence O Bralaham is a fine jingling name among the Irish, but I think friend you are a dutchman.

Felty. Yaw ich bin ein Teutcher und I vinsh I was in Teutchland.

Ter. What makes you wish you were in dutchland again? are you tired of this sweet country?

Felty. Och Germany is so good, or besser as any blace in de world, und my fader und modder is dere.

Ter. Augh man! it's time for you to quit loving your father and mother and be a man; it is a shame for you to be whining about your mother, sweet cock.

Felty. We must love our faders und modders you know—you not love yours?

Ter. Fait no: I always hated my mother for she was as cross as the mischief, and I believe in my shoul I never had a father.

Felty. No fader! how you was born den?

Ter. Why I was born of my mother, how else should I be born?

Felty. It may be so in your Irishland, but dat is not de way beeples are born in Teutchland, for dere dey have both fader und modder.

Ter. Hut, man! I would not give a snuff for you Teutchers; it takes two of you then to make one, I find.

Felty. No: two is two, und one is one, dere as well as here.

Ter. Augh, you fool you! I say it takes two to make one—to make a third one.

Felty. No: two is still two, it is not tree neither.

Tes. Well you are as great a fool-man as the calf that eat the parsons wig: I say it takes two to get a child there—do you understand me now.

Felty. Ay so it does every where, dont it? Why do beeples get married? why does my master go apout sparking all de fine ladies?

Ter. Why to get a wife man: fait I warrant you he has got childer before though, without being married.

Felty. Well, und was he not deir fader den?

Ter. No, for the childer were bastards; did you never hear of bastards in Germany?

Felty. Yes, but dey had always both fader und modder.

Ter. And it was not so with us then; for the woman would sometimes say to one, "you are the father;" and he would deny it; so they would squabble, and fight, and go to Mr. justice, and swear, and scold more and more, and then they would go to court, and one lawyer would say, "yes, you are the father;" and another would say, "no, you are not the father; I will prove you are not the father;" and so, by the laws he proves it. And sometimes fait the woman herself dont know who to call the father, and so, between them all, many a poor child has no father at all, at all. What do you say to that now, Felty?

Felty. Besure I dont know what to say to it in your country, but I am sure I had both fader und modder in Germany, und a sweet-heart too—Oh I vinsh I was dere again.

Ter. A sweet-heart man, what was her name?

Felty. Christina.

Ter. Come then let's have the other jorum and I'll drink his health. Here my jewel, long life to your Chrisley—*(drinks)* but was she handsome?

Felty. Yaw, I tink so she was. Und I did love her too.—Oh! I could work all day und tink not hard of it, if I could only see Christina at night, und sit by her; und hear her say O Felty! und me say augh Christina!

Ter. What good would it do you to sit by her all night every day; by my shoul I'd be very clear of that, Felty.

Felty. Why vat you would do?

Ter. Fait I'd be on the bed wid her in a hurry.

Felty. No, not we be married, den we goes to ped. My Christina was so goot.

Ter. It's very well if you would go then: but why would such fellows as you and I get married? I am sure if the girls were wise, they would be great fools to have us; and if they were cross, I doubt we should be after crossing them with a bit of shelala sometimes. We should look well at the head of a family too, would we not now? I tell you Felty, there was enough of the breed of us when we were born.

Felty. I tinks not. I tinks I gets married yet to Christina.

Ter. Well you may my dear; but why did you leave her then?

Felty. Och!—one night I und Christina were sitting looking together at de fire: some pody knocks at de toor. I tell Christina, "Vat is dat?" She ask me, "Me don't know, Felty." By und by in comes five or six pig tifel-full fellows mit great swords, und say come, come my mans, you leave your girl und goes a soldier to 'merica.

Ter. The d—l help you my dear; for if you had been in bed wid her, you might have hid yourself between the blankets and there been as safe as a bug or a flea, and so they would not have found you at all, at all; but did you go?

Felty. No, dey took me to de ships und sends me away.

Ter. Then they made a soldier of you, and how did you like that?

Felty. I likes dat not so bad if Christina vas mit.

Ter. If you had no Christinas along why did you not take her with you?

Felty. Because a great many reasons. 1st. Dey would not let me. Again; she would not come. Durd——

Ter. That's enough; that's enough. And how did you like fighting, Felty?

Felty. Not much; but I fights not. One day we goes out und de gannons begins roar; some falls upon de grount—some throws away deir guns—some runs dis way—some dat—besure I runs as hard as I can to de 'mericans.

Ter. Fait I dont much like them same cannons neither: they speak so loud, and growl so angry like, I think they must strike hard blows too. Well, I find you have had your own troubles as well as myself, so come

Here's the care-killing balsam,
So pleasant and wholesome,
With plenty of such what the deel need we fear;
Come joy or come dangers,
With friends or with strangers,
I always feel easy when whiskey is near.

Your service to me Felty—*(drinks)*. But I'll tell you my own history myself: shall I dear?

Felty. Vell.

Ter. Oh my jewel; Munster forever, I was born in the brave county of Kerry—but I might as well have been born in no county at all, it were better for me to be sick of a great cold in my grave before I come there again.

Felty. Why so?

Ter. Because, fait, I had a master there once, and he was a very devil too, and he found occasion to raise my character into such disgrace, by my shoul he has reduced it above that of a negro in Virginia.

Felty. So you have left and lost your country.

Ter. Aye, lost indeed; troth I wish I had never found it; and I lost all my wages too.

Felty. How much might your wages be?

Ter. Indeed I cannot tell how much it may be when I get it, but I am sure it is nothing at all now, nor that neither.

Felty. Vat, did your master turn you away?

Ter. Fait he turned me away before he had me I think; I was upon liking and he did not like me; he likes no person but his money.

Felty. Vas he rich?

Ter. Aye, fait was he, and very rich too, for he was a lawyer, and they say that is a devil of a trade to get money by.

Felty. But if he loves no pody, how did he use his wife?

Ter. He did not use her at all fait, nor his money neither, for he locked them both up together, though she was far more honest than himself.

Felty. Den he is jealous I tink.

Ter. Aye, may be so; but he need not for I never touched her in all my born days; no fait, I would be very sorry.

Felty. But vat made him turn you away?

Ter. Och honey, I think my mother was blind, when she first saw the nose in his face, to put me to such an ill-looking, crooked-browed devil as he; why, for a very small matter indeed Felty, nothing in the whole world but because the little garrown-bawn, which I rode when I did not go a foot, eat a piece of one of his boots.

Felty. Vat a horse eat poots, ha! ha! ha!

Ter. Fait and I'll tell you the whole of it then, and I hate to tell a lie too. Well, my master called me up in my sleep in the morning before midnight one day—fait it was not half day—and so says he, Terry, Terry, come stir and be d—d to you. He would swear like a devil sometimes.

Felty. Yes, very like, some Irish be great swearers.

Ter. But I suppose he might be a very good christian for all that.

Felty. Den you tink a christian may swear somedimes?

Ter. Why he went to church, and said great long prayers, and that makes it all good you know.

Felty. Vell I don't know, how come de horse to eat de poots?

Ter. Why did you never see a horse eat boots? fait an' you had ever been in Munster you might see them eat boots and saddles and bridles too!

Felty. Vat have dey noting else to e[illegible] put leather?

Ter. Why man they make a great many of saddles and of bridles of hay there—and so my master called me up, as I was saying, and says to me, Terry, says he, come, you and I must go to Henagh together alone to-day. And he had a gout in his feet so that he could not pull on his English boots made of leather; so says he, Terry, says he, go fetch some hay and make some boots boy—so I made some for my-

self first, and for my master after, and put them on his legs, and he did say, for once, very well Terry. Then I helped him on his horse, and mounted my litt le garrown-bawn, and rode along side just behind him. And as the company stopped to take a sup of a dram at Paddy M'Glundery's at the sign of St. Patrick on this side Henagh, my poor little ass of a horse was hungry, and went to bite a little bit of my masters hay boots, and bit a little too deep, and, by my shoul, took away a piece of his leg too.

Felty. And for dat he turn you away did he?

Ter. No, fait he knocked me down for that, and then I ran away.

Felty. Did you never go for your wages?

Ter. No my dear, fait I would not go to him for fear he would beat out my brains again; but he never paid me for all that; no, the devil a penny to this day.

Felty. You did not dink he would run after you, did you?

Ter. Troth and he did run after me though, but I was not fool enough to let him catch me.

Felty. Did he run after you to pay you what he owed?

Ter. Yes indeed did he, and I dare say if he had caught me he would have paid me very handsomely too; but I was determined to be as tough-grained as himself, and take none of it do you see.

Felty. 'Twas strange he would follow you for dat.

Ter. Troth and may be it was not altogether for that that he followed me neither; for seeing he had given me this beating, do you hear, I found means to let my mistress know how I had been treated, for I knew she had more humanity and more feeling for poor Terry than my old whiffet of a master. And so says she 'pon my soul Terry I pity you, said she. And by my word madam I pity you too said I, to be locked up here like a thief in New-gate, says I, such a dear sweet angel as you, said I, and if you will contrive to meet me at such a time, at such a place, said I, and bring a few of our sour-looking tyrant's idle guineas along with you, just to pay our passage to France or America, do you see, why we'll leave the grum devil. It will be better for both of us, said I; you can have the liberty you sigh for and I shall save my head and back from a good beating every day or so; and so indeed she did, so she did.

Felty. Vell dat vas very strange too.

Ter. Fait not very. The love of liberty makes people sometimes play very odd pranks Felty. It's very strong in all men; and, troth the women like to take a little too, now and then. By my shoul the best thing a man can do that wants to get shut of his wife, is, to shut her up in close quarters as my master did.

Felty. But I tought you said you never had any ting to do mit your master's wife.

Ter. I scorn to tell a lie, Felty, and whatever I say will stand the test I'll be bound for it. You must prove day, night; or night, day, before you convict me of falsehood.

Felty. Vell und you took her und de money too?

Ter. Yes fait, that I did.

Felty. Und where is de lady now?

Ter. Indeed that's more than I can tell. I promised she should have her liberty and so I seen her safe to France where I thought she might have as much of it as any where else, and there we parted.

Felty. Vas she willing to leave you?

Ter. I believe she had no will in the case, for I left her; she was very able you know to take care of herself, and why should I keep another man's wife?

Felty. Und vat pecomes of de money?

Ter. Fait and that left me, Felty; a good round sum too, that I thought would last me all the days of my life and longer; 5,000 good yellow boys, at first—not one less, my honey.

Felty. Ven I had twenty dimes so little as dat I would set me up in some goot pusiness.

Ter. Troth and so I did too. When I landed in this country I set myself up for a gentleman, but fait that didn't hold long: the jockies and the sharpers, and the wh—s soon made me fly that course. I followed suit as long as I was able, but things grew hotter and hotter, and they cried me down for a scab at last. Then a young merchant was fool enough to take me as a partner, because I had the *name* still of a monied man; but that would not do either, though we passed it for five times as much as its owner ever was worth. Next I turned broker and sold lucky lottery tickets and such like; but, by my shoul that's but a broken business at best, and if I had been whole before it would have broken me. At last I set up the sign of the Bull, and advertised good entertainment for man and horse; but, like a sweet-toothed lady in a confectionary, fait my own club over-balanced the profits, and in troth that was the greatest Irish-bull that ever I made of myself, to turn tapster. So you see I kept seting myself up a little lower, and a little lower, till egad at last they set me down very easy for a bankrupt; and now fait I have nothing to set myself up with but myself, do you see: and so I have set myself up for a public officer, Felty.

Felty. But you tink you understands de government enough?

Ter. Fait I want the government to stand under me, man.

Felty. Vell, but if you manage not for yourself vell, how you will do for de beeples?

Ter. O, never heed me for that, honey—liberty, economy, and reform, that's the sign—here's my song for the people at large,

My name it is sweet little Terence,
As hearty a cock as you 'll see;
For all sins heretofore he's done penance,
None now are more honest than he.

I could shew you a list of ancestors
As long as from here to the sun;
But in free states, like this, it is best, sirs,
To stand on one's merit alone.

By my shoul you're all wrong in this nation,
As sure as sun shines at noon;
Ye don't understand legislation
No more than the man in the moon.

Wid your judges, and lawyers, and 'squires,
Impeachments, addresses, and laws;
Do you think that true freedom requires
Such flum'ry as these in her cause.

By the frost ye are very unlettered
To think so, if think so you do;
You can never be fairly unfettered,
So long as this course ye pursue.

Make a tack then as soon as you can;
Come give me the helm and I'll steer;
Cast over this rogue-scaring clan,
And away with all prudence and fear.

But I'll tell you more plainly my notion,
The good of your country's my view,
For this I came over the ocean,
I swear by St. Patrick it's true.

If you'll give me the key of your treasure,
And make me chief keeper of arms,
You may toil if you please at your leasure,
Or work at your ease on your farms.

Fait, and wouldn't that be a fine thing and a great blessing to the public, Felty?

Felty. Vell vat you vant to pe?

Ter. Troth any thing—or every thing. I would make the laws, and judge of them, and execute them, all, for the half of what's now paid to their president, and governors, and congress, and assembly-men, and judges, and sheriffs, and the devil knows what; the people should have no trouble at all, at all.

Felty. You make dis song for yourself?

Ter. No, I only altered it a little from one old Mr. Demagrog used to sing. Fait it sung him into office and why should it not me.—Come, here's success to—*(takes up the bottle and looks at it).*

Felty. Vat! is him all?

Ter. By my shoul, yes—the devil as much is there as would physic a snipe.

Felty. You're a fine fellor, I tink. Vat? you steal your master's wife—rob de lady of de money—humbug me out my viskey mit your blarney, und vant to sheat de beeples out deir rights mit a song, eh—no, no, never, says I.——

.....

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

Peter Puff

Having obtained a patent for selling all kinds of patent machines, &c. informs his numerous friends and a discerning public, that all machines, &c. which are not purchased at his warehouse, are spurious.

He makes and sells,

1st. Patent fowling pieces, with two locks; one at the usual place, the other at the muzzle, so that with two charges it serves as a double barrelled gun, &c. and much more handy. It is particularly useful for *young sportsmen*, as with this gun it is immaterial which end is put to the shoulder.

2d. Double barrelled guns, which are sure to hit, provided the bird is within *hearing* though not in *sight*.

3d. To prevent the many dreadful accidents which happen by guns going off without the intention of the owner, he has made a few for his paticular friends *without touch-holes*.

Peter Puff has also invented a new patent *portable* washing machine, which must be of singular utility to *travellers* who are short of linen. It folds up in a size for the pocket, and will wash a shirt with ease and expedition whilst on the *wearer's back*.

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ANECDOTE.

A raw apprentice in a dry-good shop, being asked by a lady to show her some silk *hose*, she enquired how high they came, (meaning the price). He very simply and seriously answered, that he had never tried them on, but believed they would reach *above the knee*.

Poetry.

THE CORNWALLIAD.

CANTO IV.

ALL were attentive to the warlike man,
When from his lofty bench he thus began:
Great chiefs what you comand me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of my fate,
The heavy shocks and rubs that came to pass,
All which I saw, and part of which I was.
What rifle-man in all that shirted band
Led on against us by fierce Colonel Hand;
Or what else rebel 'mongst our rudest foes,
Could hear unmov'd the story of our woes.
Nay Mifflin's self, hot Mifflin's self could scarce
Refrain from tears while I the tale rehearse.
But see the golden lamp of day, the sun,
Slopes gently downward from his highest noon,
And soon the shades of evening shall prevail,
And bring the clouds of night upon my tale
E're it is finish'd; so immense and long
Are all those things which dwell upon my tongue.
But though it gives a melancholy heart
To recollect them, yet receive a part.
Now had the capture of the Hessian band,
In that small town which shades the Delaware, strand,
Reach'd our sad ears, and touch'd us with surprise,
And bade streams flow from every warrior's eyes;
When from the village where encamp'd we lay,
To Trenton's plains we took our wintry way,
With full revenge our minds to satiate,
And on the rebels bring an equal fate.
Each veteran soldier bore a large knapsack
With change of raiment on his weary back,
But I, unhappy, this misfortune had,
My shoes were clouted, and my breeches bad.
For as to you it is already known,
Sometime last autumn I had swap'd my own
For that rent pair which Peter Parker wore,
When a sad ball unbreech'd the commodore.

The angry cannon gave his life release,
But off the trunnions knock'd his mortar piece.
'Twere long to tell what colds I underwent,
'Till near by Trenton I had pitch'd my tent.
But there with number and collected strength,
Our veteran army had arrived at length.
Yet did we not on the embattled plain,
Long unmolested of the foe remain.
The place, I think, was sirnam'd Maidenhead,
Where we were met by colonel Hand's brigade,
Which with sharp rifles in the adjacent wood,
Took from our flanks full many an ounce of blood;
Until we drove them from each steep and hill,
To Trenton bridge, and the adjacent mill.
Ah! here what troops were ranged upon the height,
And by their chiefs encouraged to the fight.
You've heard of Xerxes who with bayonet point,
Forc'd his rough way across the Hellespont,
And pour'd a million through the mountain's gates
Of Rhodope and the Thermop'læ straights:
Yet what were Xerxes and his mighty host,
To that militia which the Delaware crost;
Nay, what were those of conquering Tamerlane,
Or flaming Bajazet, or Jengiscan,
To those fell numbers which we saw that day,
Drawn up in order to oppose our way.
It seem'd to me, collect they whence or where,
The whole inhabitants of earth were there.
No wonder, then, I sent full time enough
My order down, to draw our regiments off:
I needed not; for they themselves in flight,
Were swift advancing to evade the fight.
Advancing backwards, as a man may say,
To save their knapsacks and escape the fray.
Yet it were painful to enumerate
What we sustained in this same swift retreat,
For many a Hessian lost that day his speech,
And many a Scot was wounded in the breech.
But now encamp'd what time the sun retires
To western hills, we struck our evening fires,
Plac'd distant guards, and watchful sentries thick
Hard by the bridge, and on the 'Sandpink creek;
Then on the soil beneath our members prest,
Compos'd our eyes and weary limbs to rest,
In vain, for yet the rude scenes of the day,
Did o'er our warm imaginations play,

And oft as slumber on our eye-lids crept
We thought the foe had stabb'd us while we slept,
And starting up, screamed out with utmost breath,
For some skill'd surgeon, or we bleed to death;
But all we got of medicine or help
From some one more awake, was, D--m the whelp.
I once myself in dreary vision saw
The raging Mifflin his fierce bayonet draw,
And as he push'd at my posterior thigh,
I felt my heart and fainting spirits die;
But what the flush and pleasure of the soul
When I awoke, and felt my backside whole.
Thus pass'd the night, but when the morning rose,
And ting'd the plain where had encamp'd our foes,
They had encamp'd, but now no vestige there
At all remained, for every height was bare.
Yet still our cavalry and troops dismayed
Of Washington in some sly ambuscade,
Did not adventure to the hostile camp,
Or penetrate the east-way bending swamp.
And it remained a paradox to tell,
With what dark art or black infernal spel
The foe had blinded every sent'nel's eyes,
While they drew off without a word of noise,
And how their fires resplendent through the night,
Late kindled up, gave an encreasing light,
And to the first rise of the orient day
Continued burning, they themselves away.
Some had conceived that the whole shew was vain,
An empty vision of the troubled brain,
Which Satan brings upon the careless mind,
When for some end he circumvents mankind.
This was the opinion of an aged Scot,
But others doubted who had felt the shot.
Meantime in dismal and afflicted plight,
Cold, lean, and shiv'ring from the damps of night,
Is brought a tory who had roam'd for food
Three days and nights in the adjacent wood;
His beard was long, and lantern-like his jaws,
With nails grown out, and sharp as eagle's claws.
His voice—— *The rest is wanting.*

FOR THE GLEANER.

TO ELLEN.

HAS e'er on fancy's flow'ry throne,
The muse to thee a garland wove?
Ah! sure with brightest gems it shone,
And breath'd the sweetest scents of love.

The charm that dwells within thine eye,
Thy words adorn'd with wisdom's ray,
Could urge the humblest muse to fly,
Beyond e'en fancy's airy way.

A roseate wreath, I oft have wove;
Yet hung it round my own warm breast;
For none would take that pledge of love—
Yet 'twas sincere, it was my best.

Then scorn not you, tho' pale the wreath,
I form'd with care for beauty's shrine;
Tho' faintest fragrance it should breathe,
Yet let me, *Ellen*, call it thine.

MENANDER.

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IN MEMORY OF JAMES WOODHOUSE, M. D.

Late professor of chymistry in the University of Pennsylvania.

LO! SCIENCE, pond'ring o'er her changeful state,
Bends o'er yon tomb, and points to human fate;
With torch inverted, leans on pity's arm,
While mournful throbs her genial breast alarm;
And tears, big, thronging from her s' owing eyes,
Roll down her cheeks and mingle with her sighs;
Her laurel trophies, withering, strew the ground,
And mourning muses, hovering, flit around.
There WOODHOUSE lies! fair science's fondest child,
Cradled in her lap, and nurtur'd as she smil'd;
His well taught mind, oft wond'ring youth has led,
Through nature's lab'rinth, by fair chymic's thread;
Shew'd how the laws, attractive, quick condense,
The various forms of nature's great immense;
Through all her mazes led initiate youth,
And held the mirror of eternal truth;
Eras'd the mind's, dark, superstitious flaws,
By kindly tracing nature's general laws.
Yet, ah! now cold, in death's dark dreary gloom,
He sleeps for ever in yon marble tomb.
But, no!—his soul from her dark cerement springs,
To brighter regions, borne on angel-wings.

L. I. F.

For the Gleaner.

TO EVANDER.

HAIL kindred bard! thy verse so sweetly flows,
It makes my heart with soft emotions glow:
The hapless hermit mourning o'er his woes
With resignation bends beneath the blow.*

And has Evander known the pains of woe?
Is't from experience he describes its pangs?
Already learnt that bliss is fleet below?
And been a prey to disappointment's fangs?

In early youth, how gay to us appears
The scenes of life, through which we're doom'd to rove;
Not then a prey to anxious doubts and fears,
Our ardent fancies range through ev'ry grove.

'Tis then existence seems, to us, a charm,
Whose pleasing influence never will decay;
But soon our minds are fill'd with rude alarm
And fancied joys evaporate away.

Those blissful dreams which youthful fancy drew,
Those hopes we thought, would every joy bestow,
Appear as fleeting as the morning dew
When eastern skies with dappl'd brilliance glow.

Oh! if, Evander, thou hast been the prey,
The mark, at which misfortune aim'd her blow,
Welcome to one who's seen his brightest day,
And we will rove companions deep in woe.

But no, thy glowing heart is yet alive
To all the charms which transcient life imparts;
The scenes you paint from fancy you derive,
And you are still unkown in misery's charts.

May thy young heart no keen misfortunes feel,
Whose ling'ring pangs deny the wretch relief;
Ne'er o'er thy heart pervading sorrow steal,
A hapless victim to o'erwhelming grief.

LORENZO.

* *See the Gleaner for April, page* 367.

For the Gleaner.

AN IMITATION OF AN ELEGANT MORCEAU,

Written by a Cosmerian Indian.

(ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.)

WHEN shall we two meet again
On our happy, native plain.
Oft shall time revolve around,
Oft shall snow enrap the ground,
Oft shall ruthless winter reign,
Ere we *two* shall meet again.

Tho' by fate's, stern, dire command,
Roving from our native land
Tho', immers'd in 'snaring arts,
Naught shall ere divide our hearts;
Still in roving fancy's brain
Oft shall we *two* meet again.

When, by fear of death dismay'd,
Gloom around our soul's array'd;
When those forms terrific fly,
Sol beholds th' unclouded sky,
Then when free from grief and pain
Oft may we *two* meet again.

And when transient life is fled,
Forms are mould'ring with the dead,
In the tomb death's victim laid,
And the dreams of life decay'd,
Then above, blest joys remain,
There shall we *two* meet again.

LORENZO.

Register and Gazette.

LIST OF ACTS,

Passed at the 1st session of the 11th Congress.

AN Act respecting the ships or vessels owned by citizens or subjects of foreign nations, with which commercial intercourse is permitted.

An act making further appropriations to complete the fortifications commenced for the security of the ports and harbors of the U. S. and to erect such fortifications as may be necessary, for the protection of the northern and western frontiers of the United States.

An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "an act making appropriations for carrying into effect a treaty, between the U. S. and the Chickasaw tribe of Indians," and to establish a land-office in the Mississippi territory.

An act authorizing the appointment of an agent for the land-office at Kaskaskia, and allowing compensation to the commissioners and clerk.

An act to continue in force an act, declaring the assent of Congress to a certain act of the state of South-Carolina, passed the 21st of December, 1804.

An act authorizing the discharge of *John Heard* from his imprisonment.

An act to fix the time for the next meeting of Congress.

An act concerning the naval establishment.

An act to amend and continue in force certain parts of the act, entitled, "an act to interdict the commercial intercourse between the U. S. and Great Britain and France, and their Dependencies, and for other purposes."

An act making appropriations for defraying the expense of stationary, printing, and all other contingent expenses of the Senate and house of Representatives, during the present session of Congress.

An act freeing from postage all letters from Thomas Jefferson.

An act for the remission of certain penalties and forfeitures, and for other purposes.

An act supplementary to the act, entitled, "an act making further provision for the support of public credit, and for the redemption of the public debt."

An act to suspend, for a limited time, the recruiting service.

An act making an appropriation to finish and furnish the Senate-chamber, and for other purposes.

An act authorizing the accounting officers of the treasury department to give credit to certain collectors of the customs, for allowances paid by them to the owners and crews of fishing vessels.

An act authorizing the discharge of Joseph Wilkinson, junr. from his imprisonment.

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FRENCH ARMY OF AUSTRIA.

FIRST BULLETIN.

Head quarters, Ratisbon, April 24.

The Austrian army passed the inn the 9th April. On that quarter hostilities have begun, and Austria has declared an implacable war against France, her allies, and the confederation of the Rhine.

The following is the position of the French forces and their allies;

The corps of the duke of Aurstadt at Ratisbon;

The corps of the duke of Rivoli at Ulm:

The corps of gen. Oudinot at Augsburgh:

The head-quarters are at Strasburgh.

The three Bavarian divisions under the command of the duke of Dantzic, are divided in the following manner:

The first, commanded by the prince Royal, at Munich. The second, commanded by gen. Deroy at Landshut. The third, commanded by gen. De Wrede, at Straubing.

The Wirtemberg division at Heydenheim.

The Saxon troops, encamped under the walls of Dresden.

The corps of the duchy of Warsaw, commanded by prince Poniatowski, at Warsaw.

On the 10th, the Austrian troops invested Passau, where a battalion of Bavarians shut themselves up. They invested at the same time Kufflein, where likewise a Bavarian battalion shut themselves up. This movement took place without the firing a gun.

The court of Bavaria quitted Munich to go to Dillengen. The Bavarian division which was at Landshut went to Altorf, by the left bank of the Iser.

The division commanded by gen. De Wrede went to Neustadt.

The duke of Rivoli departed from Ulm, and went to Augsburgh.

From the 10th, to the 16th, the army of the enemy advanced from the Inn towards the Iser. Parties of cavalry met, and had several skirmishes, in which the Bavarians had the advantage. On the 16th at Pfaffenhoffen, the 2d and 3d regiments of Bavarian light-horse overthrew the hussars of Stipschitz, and the dragoons of Rosenburg. At the same time, the enemy presented themselves in considerable force to fall upon Landshut. The bridge was broken, and the Bavarian division commanded by gen. Deroy opposed a strong resistance to this movement. But being menaced by columns which had passed the Iser to Moorburg, and to Freysing, this division retired in good order towards that of gen. Wrede. And the Bavarian army concentrated itself near Neustadt.

The emperor's departure from Paris, April 13.

The emperor was informed by means of the telegraph on the 12th, of the Austrian army having passed the Inn, and immediately left Paris the same moment. He arrived on the 16th at Louisburg, at three o'clock in the morning, and in the afternoon of the same day at Dillengen, where he saw the king of Bavaria, passed half an hour with this prince, promised to bring him back to his capitol in fifteen days, to revenge the affront done his house, and to make him greater than any of his ancestors had ever been. On the 17th at 2 in the morning, his majesty arrived at Donauwerth, where the head-quarters were established, and gave immediately the necessary orders.

The 18th, the head-quarters were removed to Ingolstadt.

BATTLE OF PFAFFENHOFFEN,

April 19.

On the 19th, gen. Oudinot departed from Augsburg arrived at the break of day at Pfaffenhoffen, met from 3 to 4000 Austrians attacked and dispersed them, and made 300 prisoners.

The duke of Rivoli with his *corps d'armee* arrived the next day at Pfaffenhoffen.

The same day the duke of Aurstadt left Ratisbon to fall upon Neustadt, and to approach nearer to Ingolstadt. It then appeared evident, that the project of the emperor was to manœuvre the enemy who had decamped from Landshut, to attack them at the moment they thought themselves secure, and to march towards Ratisbon.

BATTLE OF TANN.

April 19.

On the 19th, at day break, the duke of Aurstadt marched in two columns: the divisions of Morand and Gudin composing his right. The division St. Hilaire arrived at the village of Peissing, and met the enemy, superior in number, but inferior in valor.

From that moment, the campaign was opened by a combat glorious to our arms. Gen. St. Hilaire supported by gen. Friant, overthrew all that was before him, forced the positions of the enemy, killed a great number, and made from 6 to 700 prisoners. The 72d distinguished itself on this day, and the 57th maintained its ancient reputation. Sixteen years since, this regiment was called in Italy, *The Terrible*, and it has well justified its name in this affair, as by itself it successively attacked and overthrew six Austrian regiments.

On the left, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, general Morand met likewise an Austrian division which he attacked in the van, while the duke of Dantzic, with a Bavarian corps which came from Abensberg, attacked them in the rear. This division was soon routed from all its positions, and left some hundreds dead and prisoners. The old regiment of dragoons of Levenher was destroyed by the Bavarian light-horse, and its colonel killed.

At the close of the day, the corps of the duke of Dantzic formed a junction with that of the duke of Aurstadt.

In all these affairs, the generals St. Hilaire and Friant have particularly distinguished themselves.

These unhappy Austrian troops who had been brought from Vienna, with the noise of songs and fifes, were made to believe that there was no longer any French army in Germany, and that they had only to do with the Bavarians and Wertembergers. They showed all their resentment against their chiefs for the errors into which they had led them, and their terror was very great at the sight of those ancient bands whom they had been accustomed to consider as their masters.

In all these battles our loss has been inconsiderable in comparison to that of the enemy, who lost many officers and generals, who were compelled to put themselves in the van to encourage their troops. The prince of Lichtenstein, the general Lusignan, and several other officers were wounded. The loss of the Austrians in colonels and officers of inferior grade, is very considerable.

BATTLE OF ABENSBERG.

April 20.

The emperor resolved to fight and destroy the corps of the archduke Lewis, and that of gen. Hiller, together 60,000 strong. The 20th, his majesty went to Abensberg. He gave orders to the duke of Aurstadt to hold in check the corps of Hohenzollern, of Rosenberg, and of Lichtenstein, whilst with the two divisions of Morand and Gudin, the Bavarians and Wirtembergers, he would attack the front of the army of the archduke Lewis, and of gen. Hiller; and that by means of the duke of Rivoli, he would cut off the enemy's communications, by causing him to go to Freysing, and from there by the rear-guard of the Austrian army. The divisions of Morand and Guidin formed the left and moved under the orders of the duke of Montebello. The emperor decided to fight at the head of the Bavarians and Wirtembergers. He caused to be united in a circle the officers of the two armies, and spoke to them for a long time. The prince Royal of Bavaria translated in German that which he spake in French. The emperor made known to them the confidence which he placed in them; he told the Bavarian officers that the Austrians had always been their enemies, and that it was their independence which they aimed at. That for two centuries past, the Bavarian colours had been displayed against the house of Austria. But that now he would render them so powerful, that he would make them henceforward irresistible.

He spoke to the Wirtembergers of the victories they had gained over the house of Austria, whilst they served in the Prussian armies; and of the late advantages they had obtained in the campaign of Silesia. He told them that the moment of vanquishing was come, to carry the war into the Austrian territory. This discourse was repeated to the companies by their captains, and the different arguments which the emperor had made, produced the desired effect.

The emperor then gave the signal for combat, and apportioned his manœuvres according to the particular character of his troops. Gen. de Wrede, an officer of great merit, placed before the bridge of Seigeburgh, attacked an Austrian division which was opposed to him.—Gen. Vandamme, who commanded the Wirtembergers, fell upon them on their right flank. The duke of Dantzic, with the division of the prince Royal and that of general Deroy, marched towards the village of Rauhausen, to arrive upon the high road of Abensberg to Landshut. The duke of Montebello, with his two Erench divisions forced the left extremity, overthrew all that was before him, and came to

Rolir and Roshemberg. In every quarter the cannon was engaged with success. The enemy disconcerted by these arrangements, only fought an hour when they beat a retreat. Eight pair of colors, twelve pieces of cannon, and 18,000 men, were the result of this affair, which has cost us but few men.

COMBAT AND THE CAPTURE OF LANDSHUT.

April 21.

The battle of Abensberg having uncovered the flank of the Austrian army, and the magazines of the enemy; on the 21st, the emperor, at the dawn of day, marched towards Landshut. The duke of Istria overturned the cavalry in the plain and before the city. The general of division, Motton, ordered the grenadiers of the 17th, forming the head of the column, to march over the bridge with fixed bayonets. This bridge which is of wood, was burnt, but was not an obstacle to our infantry, who passed it and penetrated into the city. The enemy, driven from their position was attacked by the duke of Rivoli, who came from the right-side. Landshut fell into our hands, and with Landshut we took 30 pieces of cannon, 9000 prisoners, 3000 baggage waggons, and three superb sets of pontoon bridges, together with the hospitals and the magazines, which the Austrian army had begun to form. The couriers, aids-de-camp of the commander in chief, the archduke Charles, and the convoys of sick people coming to Landshut, were very much astonished to find the enemy had the same fate.

BATTLE OF ECKMUHL.

April 22.

Whilst the battle of Abensberg and the battle of Landshut, had such important results, the archduke Charles united with a corps of Bohemians commanded by general Kollowrath, had obtained at Ratisbon a trifling success. A thousand men of the 65th, which had been left there to guard the bridge of Ratisbon, had received no orders to retreat. Being closed in by the Austrian army, these brave fellows having exhausted their cartridges, were compelled to surrender. This accident was very much felt by the emperor, who swore that in twenty-four hours the Austrian blood should flow in Ratisbon to revenge the affront done to his armies.

In the meantime the dukes of Aurstadt and Dantzic held at bay the troops of Rosenberg, Hohenzollern, and Lichtenstein. There was no time to be lost. On the 22d in the morning, the em-

peror began his march from Landshut with two divisions of the duke of Montebello, the corps of the duke of Rivoli, the two divisions of cuirassiers of Nansouty and St. Sulp ce, and the Wirtemberg divisions. At 2, P. M. he arrived before Eckmuhl, where the four corps of the Austrian army, forming 110,000 men, were posted under the command of the archduke Charles. The duke of Montebello dislodged the enemy on the left, in conjunction with the division of the duke of Gudin. At the first signal the dukes of Aurstadt and Dantzic, and the division of light-horse of general Montbrun, met together.

Then was to be seen the most superb spectacle which war can offer—110,000 of the enemy attacked on every point, overturned on their left, and successively driven from their posts in every position. The detail of military events would be too long; it is sufficient to say they were put to the rout. The enemy has lost the greater part of their cannon, and a great number of prisoners. The 18th regiment of light-infantry of the division of St. Hilaire covered itself with glory in attacking the enemy. And the Austrians being driven from the wood which covers Ratisbon, were driven into the plains, and cut to pieces by the cavalry—the senator general of division, Demout, had a horse killed under him. The Austrian cavalry, strong and numerous, presented itself to protect the retreat of its infantry. The division of St. Sulpice on the right, and the division of Nansouty on the left, attacked them. The line of hussars and Cuirassiers of the enemy were put to flight.—More than 300 Austrian cuirassiers were made prisoners. Night came on. Our cuirassiers continued their march to Ratisbon. The division of Nansouty met a column of the enemy which fled, charged it, and made it prisoner. It was composed of three Hungarian battalions of 1500 men.

The division of St. Sulpice charged another detachment, in which the archduke Charles, narrowly escaped being taken. He owed his safety only to the swiftness of his horse. In this battle of Eckmuhl there was but one half of the French troops engaged. The enemy's army continued to defile all night by degrees, taking the most frightful roads. All their wounded, the greatest part of their artillery, fifteen pair of colors, and 20,000 prisoners, have fallen into our hands. The cuirassiers have according to custom, covered themselves with glory.

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COMBAT AND TAKING OF RATISBON,

April 23.

At the dawn of day, we advanced to Ratisbon, the advanced guard formed by the division of Gudin, and the cuirasiers

of the divisions of Nansouty and St. Sulpice. We were not long before we saw the enemy's cavalry, which endeavored to cover the city. Three different attacks were made, and all were to our advantage. Sword in hand we put to flight 8000 of the enemy's cavalry, who precipitately passed the Danube. In the meantime our sharp shooters went towards the city. By an inconceivable arrangement, the Austrian general had placed six regiments to be sacrificed without reason. The city is surrounded by a bad ditch and a worse counterscarp. The artillery arrived. We began to batter with pieces of 12. We soon knew that by means of a ladder we could descend the ditch and afterwards mount the breach we had made in the wall.

The duke of Montebello caused a battalion to enter this breach, which gained a postern, and from thence the city. All that resisted were put to the sword. The number of prisoners exceeded 8000. In consequence of their bad arrangements, the enemy had not time to cut down their bridge, and the French passed it mixed with the Austrians to the left side. This unfortunate city, which they had the barbarity to defend, has suffered greatly. It was on fire part of the night, but by the assiduity of general Morand and his division, it was extinguished

Thus at the battle of Abensberg the emperor beat separately the two corps of the archduke Lewis and general Hiller. At the battle of Landshut, he took possession of the centre of the communications of the enemy, and of the general deposit of their magazines and artillery. Finally, at the battle of Eckmuhl, the four corps of Hohenzollern, Rosenberg, Kollowrath, and Lichtenstein, were defeated and put to the rout. The corps of gen. Bellegrade arrived the morning after the battle: he could only be a witness to the taking of Ratisbon, when he fled to Bohemia.

The first information of the military operations which have opened the campaign in so brilliant a manner, will be followed in a detail of all the deeds in arms which have rendered illustrious the French and allied armies.

In all our combats our loss has not exceeded 1200 killed and 4000 wounded. The general of division, Cervoni, chief of the *etat major* of the duke of Montebello, was struck by a cannon ball and fell dead upon the field of battle of Eckmuhl. He was an officer of merit, and had distinguished himself in our first campaigns. At the combat of Peissing, Gen. Hervo, chief of the *etat major* to the duke of Aurstadt was likewise killed. The duke of Aurstadt regrets very much this officer, whose valour, intelligence and activity he esteemed. The general of brigade, Clement, commandant of a brigade of cuirassiers of the division of St. Sulpice, had his arm shot off. He is an officer

of courage and of distinguished merit. General Schram has been wounded. The Colonel of the 14th chaseurs has been killed in an attack. In general, our loss of officers has been inconsiderable. The 1000 men of the 65th, which had been made prisoners have been for the most part, retaken. It is impossible to shew more valor and more good will, than is shewn by our troops.

At the battle of Eckmuhl, the corps of the duke of Rivoli, not having been able to join, this marshal remained constantly near the emperor, and carried the orders for the execution of different manœuvres. At the assault of Ratisbon the duke of Montebello, who had designed the place of passage, caused the ladders to be carried by his aids-de-camp.

The prince of Neufchatel, in order to encourage the troops, and to give at the same time a proof of confidence to the allies, marched several times in the van guard with the Bavarian regiments.

The duke of Aurstadt has given in these different affairs, new proofs of the intrepidity which characterises him.

The duke de Rovigo, with as much earnestness as intrepidity, traversed the enemy's legions frequently in order to make known to the different columns the intentions of the emperor.

Of 120,000 men which composed the Austrian army, all were engaged except the 20,000 under gen. Bellegrade. In the French army, on the contrary, nearly one-half did not fire a musket. The enemy astonished at the rapid movements beyond calculation, have found themselves deprived of their foolish hope, and are transported from a delirium of presumption into approaching despair.

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SECOND BULLETIN.

Head-Quarters, Muhldorf, April 27.

On the 23d of April, the day after the battle of Landshut, the emperor left that city for Ratisbon, and fought the battle of Eckmuhl. At the same time he sent the marshal duke of Istria with the Bavarian divisions under the command of general de Wrede, and the Molitor division, to fall upon the Inn, and to follow the two corps of the Austrian army, which were beaten at the battles of Abensberg and Landshut.

The marshal duke of Istria arrived at Wilsbiburg and Neumark, and found an equipage of pontoon bridges erected, more than 400 waggons, large cases with equipages, and took in his march from 15 to 1800 prisoners. The Austrian corps met the other side of Neumark, a corps of reserve, which arrived upon

the Inn. They rallied, and upon the 23d they gave battle at Nuremberg to the Bavarians. Notwithstanding their great inferiority, the Bavarians maintained their position.

On the 24th the emperor ordered the corps of the marshal duke of Rivoli from Ratisbon to Straubing, and from there to Passau, where he arrived the 26th. The duke of Rivoli commanded a battalion of the Porto past the Inn, which made 300 prisoners, raised the blockade of the citadel, and occupied Scharding.

On the 25th, the marshal duke of Montebello received orders to march with his corps from Ratisbon to Muhldorf. On the 27th, he passed the Inn and came to Salza.

The 27th, the emperor is at his head quarters at Muhldorf.

The Austrian divission commanded by gen. Jellachich, which occupied Munich, is followed by the corps of the duke of Dantzic.

The king of Bavaria has shewn himself at Munich. He afterwards went to Augsburgh, where he will remain some days, waiting to re-establish his residence at Munich, and till Bavaria should be entirely freed from the enemy.

On the side of Ratisbon the duke of Aurstadt has gone in pursuit of the archduke Charles, whose communications with the Inn and Vienna being cut off, he has no other resource but to retire into the mountains of Bohemia, by Waldmunchen and Cham.

As for the emperor of Austria, it appears that he was before Passau, having taken upon himself the siege of that place with three battalions from Landwerth.

All Bavaria and the Palatinate are freed from the presence of the enemy's armies.

At Ratisbon the emperor reviewed several corps, and had presented to him the bravest soldiers, on whom he bestowed distinctions and pensions, and to the bravest officers he gave baronies and lands. He especially signified his satisfaction with the divisions of St. Hilaire and Friant.

Until now the emperor has made the war almost without his equipage, and it has been observed that in the actions of his guard he has been always surrounded by the allied Bavarian and Wirtemberg troops, wishing by so doing to give them a particular proof of his confidence.

Yesterday arrived at Landshut a party of chasseurs and grenadiers of the guard on horseback. A regiment of fusileers and a batalion of chasseurs on foot.

In eight days time all the guard will be arrived.

A report was current that the emperor had his leg broken.—The fact is, a spent ball had grazed the heel of his boot, but had not touched the skin. Never was his majesty in the midst of the greatest fatigues in better health.

It is remarked as a singular thing, that one of the first Austrian officers made prisoner in this war, is found to be the aide-de-camp of the archduke Charles, sent to Mr. Oto, to deliver the famous letter saying that the French army were compelled to retreat.

The inhabitants of Ratisbon having behaved well, and shewn a patriotic and confederate spirit, which we had to expect from them, his majesty has ordained that the damages which they had sustained, should be made up to them at his expense; and particularly the restoration of the houses which had been burnt, the expense of which will amount to several millions.

All the sovereigns and all the countries of the confederation evince the most patriotic spirit. When the ministers of Austria at Dresden, delivered the declaration of his court to the king of Saxony, that prince could not contain his indignation. "Do you wish war," said the king, "and against whom? You attack and insult him, who three years since, master of your fate, restored to you your states. The propositions which have been made to me, afflict me. My engagements are known to all Europe. No prince of the confederation will separate himself from it."

The grand duke of Wurtzburgh, brother of the emperor of Austria, has shewn the same sentiments, and declares, that if the Austrians advance to his states, he would retire, if it was requisite, to the other side of the Rhine. Thus the injuries of the court of Vienna are generally appreciated. The regiments of the petty princes, and all the allied troops, anxiously demand to march against the enemy.

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LOCKED JAW.

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[*We republish the following because the mode of cure it prescribes has been found beneficial, in this neighbourhood, in a case where the symptoms of the Locked jaw were strong.*]

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For the benefit of mankind, a correspondent wishes to communicate the following narrative to the public:—That some years past, spending an evening with a friend, a very respectable master of a ship—a man of great information, acquired by reading and visiting many different countries, the conversation happened to turn upon that dreadful malady the Locked Jaw, when he observed, that some time before, he had been on a voyage to the island of St. Eustatia, and while there became acquainted with a physician of the first eminence on that island,

and that he heard him observe, in company, upon the subject of the Locked Jaw, which was introduced in the course of the conversation, by a person present, that he had had, during his practice, many cases, and that he had never lost a patient with it. This assertion surprised the captain, and led him to enquire of the physician his particular mode of treatment, in which he had been so successful;—to which he readily replied, That he directed an application of warm lye, made of ashes, as strong as possible;—if the foot, or hand was wounded, the same to be dipped repeatedly into the lye—and if a part of the body, which could not be immersed in it then in that case, the part affected to be bathed with flannels wrung out from the warm lye. In consequence of the like remark being recollected to have been heard by a lady, who lived in the captain's family, the following facts are now communicated to the public, with a pleasing hope, that they may prove beneficial to some unhappy object, at a future day.

Captain Charles Gorton, master of a vessel, aged thirty years, active and enterprising, being busied about his vessel on the 25th day of July 1807, the weather warm, on some occasion, jumped with great agility from her side, which was high above the wharf where she lay, very unfortunately upon a large heavy plank, from which projected a rusty spike six inches in length, and with a scraggy point, with such force, that the spike pierced through the sole of a pair of boots he then had on almost new, and would have gone quite through his foot, had not the upper leather of his boot prevented; every exertion of his own to extricate him from the plank, to which he was thus pinned fast, failing, two stout men who were on the wharf, being called to his assistance, with great difficulty relieved him—in the most excruciating torture he was assisted in getting home—a physician was called in and administered, but without effect, when the aforementioned lady hearing of the accident, very humanely repaired to captain Gorton's house, and recommended a trial of the lye, which was immediately procured from a leech, which had been luckily set in the family a few days before—his wounded foot was put into the lye, previously warmed, and surprising was the effect, within fifteen minutes the anguish was entirely taken out, he went to bed and slept quietly. The next, and for ten days, morning and evening, the application of the lye was made—no pain nor uneasy sensation returned, but what is incident to a common sore, and on the eleventh day, captain Gorton walked a broad. *Query*, was not the Locked Jaw prevented, and his life, in all human probability, saved by the application of the lye? He has not the least doubt of it himself, and is ready to attest to the above narration.